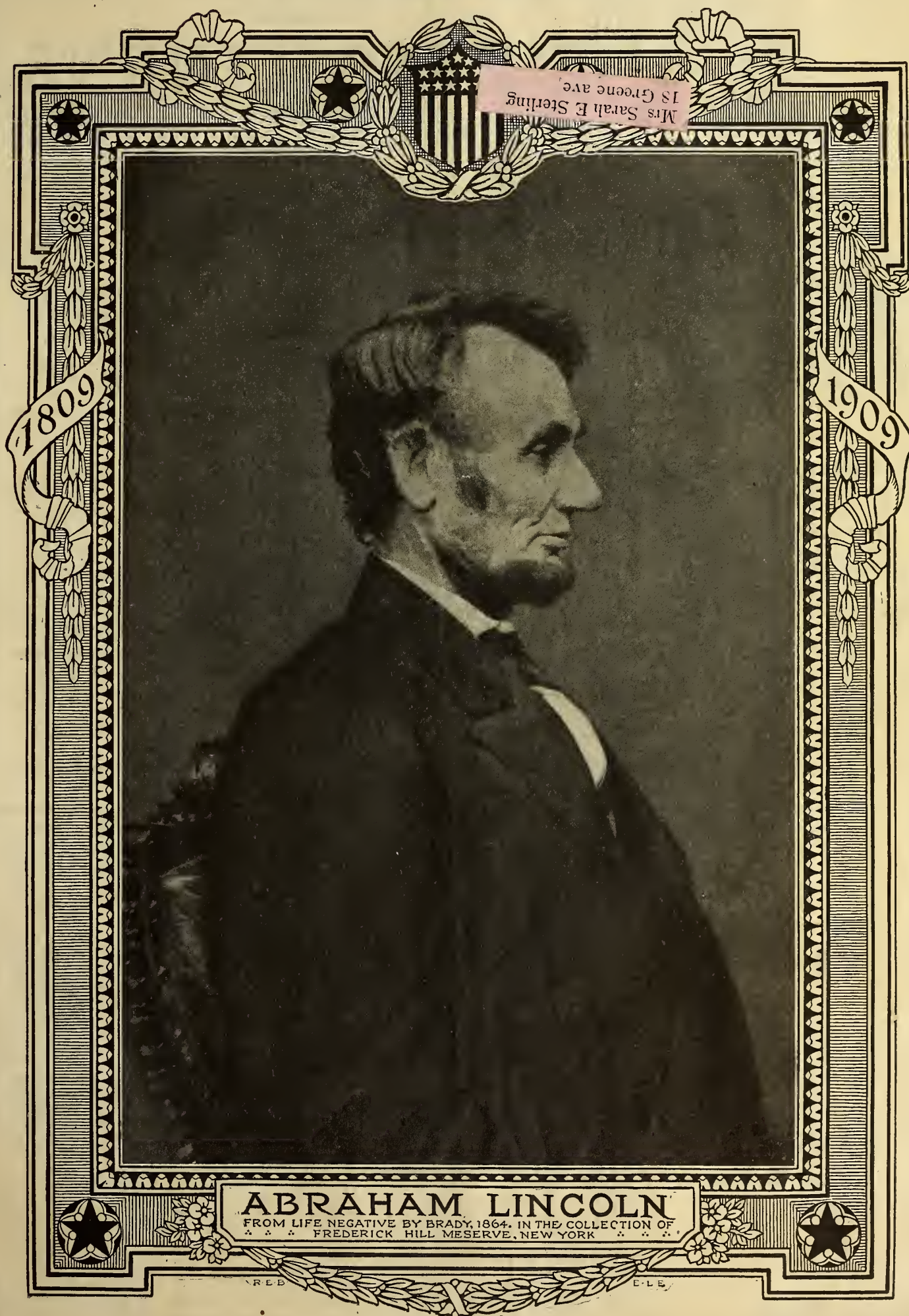


The Christian Advocate

New York, Thursday, February 4, 1909



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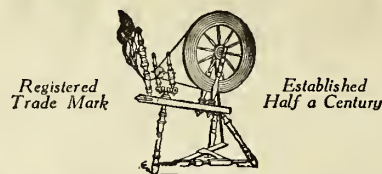
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Editorial



Personal Observations of Abraham Lincoln

I

Some months before his nomination for the presidency Mr. LINCOLN made a tour of the New England States. The ostensible object was to place his son ROBERT at school in the famous Phillips Academy at Exeter, N. H., where WEBSTER and a long line of afterward distinguished men received their preliminary education. From Exeter he went to Dover, seventeen miles away, where at that time I was pastor of Saint John's Church. His fame was not widespread in New England, but all the political leaders were well acquainted with his ability and accumulating influence.

As he had received 110 votes for the vice-presidency on the FREMONT ticket at the National Convention in Philadelphia, and having read his debates with STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS and his Cooper Institute speech, I went to the railway station to see "the Hoosier politician," as some called him, and "the coming man," as certain Republicans intimated. As Dover was the home of JOHN P. HALE, Senator of the United States and the most popular campaigner for the Republican Party in the East, there was more interest in Dover than in most of the other New Hampshire cities. There were in all about two hundred on the same errand. The bulk of these stood near the center of the train, but others, not knowing from which platform Lincoln would alight, placed themselves near the last car. As Lincoln stepped upon the platform he stood full six inches higher than any in the crowd nearest to him. On this being perceived there was a cheer, and a cry from one or two, "Didn't they want you *any longer* where you came from?" As Lincoln surveyed the crowd he caught sight of a local constable standing at some distance. Immediately Lincoln elbowed his way through the press and, reaching the constable, turned about and backed up to him. The latter immediately so adjusted himself that the giants stood back to back. The Doverite was fully an inch above Lincoln, who made a grotesque bow to the longer man. Whereupon the crowd yelled, and one man called out, "We can raise 'em here bigger than Illinois," or words to that effect. The episode put the crowd in the greatest good humor, and by this movement Lincoln captured every Democrat, Whig, Know Nothing, and Republican.

II

The congregation of Saint John's Church was large, and among it were a few Abolitionists, more Republicans, nearly as many Democrats, two or three ex-mayors and one then in office, merchants, physicians and lawyers, Odd Fellows, Masons and anti-Masons, living in comparative peace, and besides these a number of pew-holders of various beliefs. It was the only church of our order in the city and it was fifty or more years old. A majority of the official board personally advised me to omit the prayer meeting so that the members might attend the mass meeting to hear Lincoln. I declined to do so. Two reasons were given: First, the services of the Church of God are of more importance to true Christians than anything else—unless

in case of great emergency. Whatever might be the action of individuals, who must decide on their own consciences, the Church should not omit its permanent spiritual services to hear a political speaker who happens to visit a city, or to hear a lecture or a concert.

Second, the Democratic members would have the same right to ask for a suspension of the prayer meeting for a similar purpose if it was allowed for the Republicans.

The prayer meeting was held. The usual attendance was about seventy-five. Thirteen were present. The Scriptures were read and expounded. Nearly every one offered prayer. The usual number of hymns were sung, the collection taken, the doxology sung, and the benediction pronounced. At the close, which was a little before nine o'clock, the pastor and the entire congregation, moving at a rate of about five miles an hour, marched to the city hall to hear the closing paragraphs of the orator. The effect of the adherence to order was that in all the subsequent years of confusion that church was in peace. The pastor uttered what sentiments he held on the coming crisis. Both Republicans and Democrats knew that he was impartial as a minister and entirely independent as a citizen. It was amusing to see how many wished to make it known that though they were "not at the prayer meeting" they "were not at the political meeting."

III

Five years after these transactions, having removed to Michigan, and the New Hampshire Conference being held in Saint John's Church, Dover, on invitation I visited it. The presiding Bishop was EDWARD R. AMES, one of the ablest and, perhaps, with the exception of Bishop SOULE, the most peremptory of all the greater Bishops. On April 15, about ten o'clock in the morning, I was standing in the parlor of a gentleman in whose home I had resided while in Dover, engaging with him and another layman in a warm argument concerning President LINCOLN's proposed policy for the reorganization of the Southern States. In the midst of it the eldest daughter of my host, about eighteen years of age, rushed into the room in great excitement and tears, and cried, "*Stop your quarreling over Lincoln! He is dead! A man shot him in a theater last night, and he never spoke again, and he is dead!*"

I turned to her and said, "Nonsense, Annie; don't be disturbed. We have gone through the war and out of every ten rumors nine were false! Probably we shall find this one so."

But we all started for the telegraph office, and found that rumor appallingly true.

The program of services for Sunday was thus arranged: Bishop Ames was to preach in the morning and I in the afternoon. (Bishop Ames was born in Ohio in 1806, but lived for many years in Indiana.) About two o'clock Bishop Ames thus addressed me: "You know that Abraham Lincoln and I have been friends from our youth. We were on confidential relations long before he was elected. We were like brothers."

He stopped speaking, after awhile resuming in a trembling way, so utterly foreign to any manifestation that I had ever seen in him, and said: "If anything is said tomorrow about Lincoln, *you* must say it. I would not dare to mention his name." Then his eyes streamed with tears. He said: "I would break down. It is awful for the country and it is awful for me."

Having made preparation for a discourse quite incompatible with any reference to a tragedy, I expostulated

with him, but he said he knew his own heart; that when his feelings grew deep he lost control. I said: "In this city there are many skeptics, some outright infidels, and many that have no faith in Providence. I have contended with them in the pulpit and privately, and if you do not preach about it in the morning they will be out in force to see how I will meet this case. You could certainly in prayer, or as you close your sermon, speak a moment or two on the subject, especially as many of the Conference know how intimate you have been with President Lincoln."

But between persuasion and command he induced me to consent, which I did on one condition, that I could prepare a line of thought concerning the relation of Divine Providence to this tragedy, which would seem to him in harmony both with reason and the Scriptures, and also would so seem to the Rev. ELIAS RICHARDSON, then pastor of the First Congregational Church—a man of whose daily communion with God I felt absolutely sure, and whose sense of the fitness of things I had learned to trust.

The rest of the day and a greater part of the night was spent in the preparation of thoughts, which were promptly accepted after some suggestions. Both agreed that, from the Christian point of view, the statement was impregnable, and that a believer in a personal God, even though not a believer in Christianity, would be logically compelled to accept it or at least to treat it with respect. It was the most trying position in which I was ever placed, and probably a large part of the audience, who began to weep at the first mention of Mr. Lincoln and ceased not until the sermon closed, would not have been able to recall anything more than the drift of what was said.

There remains with me a deeper regard for the nature of Abraham Lincoln than I could have had without this demonstration of the power of his personality over so practiced an orator and habitual ruler of assemblies as Bishop Ames.

J. M. B.

Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it.—[Lincoln: Address at Cooper Institute, New York city, February 27, 1860.]

Some Time Ago Harper's Weekly Suggested that There should be a change in the day celebrated for LINCOLN'S Birthday, on the ground that it comes too near WASHINGTON'S Birthday, which gives us all the holiday we need in February. "If we could have a day late in April to celebrate in honor of Lincoln it would be very greatly to the public advantage. A Lincoln holiday there will be, but must it be his birthday?" The proposition received, so far as we know, no support whatever. To celebrate a man's birthday on some other day is grotesque. To celebrate the day of his death would be somber exclusively. The birthday of King Edward of England falls on November 9, but that is Lord Mayor's Day in London, for which reason, and so as not to mix festivities, King Edward formally chose another and more convenient day. There is no parallel in the situation. Neither does any harm come from having two birthday celebrations in February, especially as one of them is for the Father of his Country and the other for the Savior of it.

The Hon. Henry M. Teller Has Been a Senator Since 1876 excepting his nearly three years of service as Secretary of the Interior in Mr. ARTHUR'S Cabinet. The Sun editorially speaks of him thus: "Apart from his silver heresy, which he shared with the people of his State and which he defended with a knowledge and skill remote from the vague and sentimental yammering of so many silver advocates, he has been and remains substantially a Re-

publican; and his long experience, his familiarity with precedents, his clearness of intellect and practical grasp of the principles and details of legislation, especially as it affects the West, have made him one of the wisest and most valuable of senators. His term runs from toward the end of GRANT'S administration to the beginning of TAFT'S. He has seen many mutations of policy and fame, sudden heroes and obscurities almost as sudden."

"Genuine Pistols" Used by John Wilkes Booth in Assassinating President LINCOLN are still being sold in different parts of the country. As a matter of fact that pistol is securely locked up in the safe in the office of the Judge Advocate General of the Army, having been in the custody of that functionary since the trial of the conspirators.

National and Ohio State Headquarters of the Anti-Saloon League have been located at Westerville, near Columbus, O., the seat of Otterbein University. Ground is to be broken on February 12 for the headquarters edifice, which is to be known as the Lincoln Temperance Memorial Building. The cost of the structure will be about \$100,000.

The Last Surviving Cousin of Abraham Lincoln Was ELIJAH LINCOLN, who lived at Fort Branch, Ind. If still living he closely resembles the great Emancipator in appearance, being six feet two inches in height and thin and muscular.

Stand with anybody that stands right. Stand with him while he is right, and part with him when he goes wrong.—[Lincoln: Speech at Peoria, Ill., October 16, 1854.]

For Italian Earthquake Relief

The amounts received by Secretary LEONARD, of the Board of Foreign Missions, for the relief of the sufferers by earthquake in Italy, are as follows: From individuals, \$3,719.31; from Sunday schools and Epworth Leagues, \$203.20; from churches, \$5,916.07; total, \$9,838.58.

Let every man remember that to violate the law is to trample on the blood of his father, and to tear the charter of his own and his children's liberty.—[Lincoln: Lyceum Address, January 27, 1837.]

Lincoln as a Personality

With the usual extravagance of worshipers and florid writers, whose good men are angels and all others are "fallen angels," Mr. LINCOLN is praised for what he had not, and not always for what he had. HERNDON, his law partner, has been chastised with verbal scorpions on all sides; but though he may be at fault in some estimates, we believe that his writings add much to the correct estimate of a man, at last analysis, so great and good, as a whole, as not to need to be indiscriminately eulogized. We quote from a letter of Mr. Herndon to a distinguished minister of this city, dated January 23, 1883:

Mr. Lincoln was a man of quite infinite silences. He was thoroughly and deeply secretive, uncommunicative and close-minded, as to his plans, wishes, hopes and fears. His ambition was never satisfied; in him it was a consuming fire which smothered his finer feelings. Here he ran for every legislative office, from the trusteeship of our then little village to the Presidency, and during all that time I venture to say that he never wholly opened himself to mortal creature. He was skeptical, cautious and terribly secretive, confiding his plans and purposes, ambitions and ends, to no man. * * * Of all Americans he was, most emphatically, a man of the profoundest, widest and deepest policies. He had his burning and his consuming ambition, but he kept his secrets

Lincoln Park in Chicago. I have often wondered how this artist, who never saw the subject of his work, could have divined his presence and his dignity as a public speaker so perfectly.

Progressing with his theme, his words began to come faster and his face to light up with the rays of genius and his arms and body to move in unison with his thoughts. His gestures would not be called either graceful or ungraceful. They were the natural expression of the man, and so perfectly adapted to what he was saying that anything different from it would have been quite inconceivable. Sometimes his manner was very impassioned, and he seemed transfigured with his subject. Perspiration would stream from his face, and each particular hair would stand on end. Then the inspiration that possessed him took possession of his hearers also. His speaking went to the heart because it came from the heart. I have heard celebrated orators who could start thunders of applause without changing any man's opinion. Mr. Lincoln's eloquence was of the higher type which produced conviction in others because of the conviction of the speaker himself.

Mr. White says that he listened to most of the great anti-slavery orators of the last half century, including WENDELL PHILLIPS, OWEN LOVEJOY and HENRY WARD BEECHER, "but I must say that Abraham Lincoln, who was not classed as an anti-slavery orator or even an anti-slavery man before he issued the emancipation proclamation, made a stronger anti-slavery impression upon me than any of them."

Roosevelt on Lincoln

President ROOSEVELT has given a very concise opinion of ABRAHAM LINCOLN in a letter to a friend, who publishes it. This is the letter:

NOVEMBER 30, 1908.

MY DEAR MR. MILNER: Yes, you are entirely right. But I had no idea that what I said was being reported. Great Heart is my favorite character in allegory (which is, of course, a branch of fiction, as you say), just as Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress is to my mind one of the greatest books that ever were written; and I think that Abraham Lincoln is the ideal Great Heart of public life.

Lincoln's First Political Speech

The following is the first political speech ever delivered by ABRAHAM LINCOLN:

GENTLEMEN AND FELLOW-CITIZENS: I presume you all know who I am. I am humble Abraham Lincoln. I have been solicited by my many friends to become a candidate for the Legislature. My politics are short and sweet. I am in favor of a national bank. I am in favor of the internal improvement system and a high protective tariff. These are my sentiments and political principles. If elected, I shall be thankful; if not, it will be all the same.

The End

On the first day of April, 1865, the success of SHERIDAN'S plans having been achieved, the Confederate forces were flanked by the Fifth Corps and irresistibly attacked in front by the cavalry. They were routed with a loss of five or six thousand prisoners besides killed and wounded. The right wing having been thus crushed, General GRANT threw his left forward and ordered a general attack on the lines at daybreak the next morning. Everywhere the assaults were successful. Lincoln had removed his headquarters temporarily to a point that would admit of constant communication with Grant—not to interfere but to receive first intelligence of what he felt sure would be the announcement of a crushing victory.

About half past eight o'clock A.M., April 2, the President telegraphed to Secretary STANTON: "This morning Lieutenant-General Grant reports Petersburg evacuated

and is confident that Richmond also is. Is pushing forward to cut off if possible the retreating Rebel army. A. Lincoln."

Fifteen minutes before this dispatch was sent, Richmond had been occupied by our troops. The President went to Richmond the day after it was taken. He came up to the city in a man-of-war, arriving about two o'clock, landed about a mile below the city, and thence, accompanied by his young son and Admiral PORTER, went to Richmond in a boat. There was no announcement of his coming, "no roll of drums or presented arms greeted his approach." He had not even a military guide. At half past six he left the city. On Thursday he again visited Richmond, accompanied by Mrs. LINCOLN, Vice-President JOHNSON and several senators. On April 9 he returned to Washington, as WILLIAM H. SEWARD, Secretary of State, had been thrown from his carriage, breaking his arm and fracturing his jaw. The news of LEE'S surrender reached Washington on the 10th and spread over the whole country. A large concourse called to congratulate the President, and seemed to expect a speech in reply, but he declined to address them then, but pledged to do so on the following evening, and on that evening, April 11, delivered his last public address. It related to "The Momentous and Intricate Question of Reconstruction." On the 11th he issued three proclamations: one on the closing of certain ports for the blockade; the second, rectifying a mistake in the first; and the third, announcing to foreign nations that the restrictions which they had placed upon our vessels must be withdrawn. On the 13th he ordered the Secretary of War to stop all drafting and recruiting and to reduce the military arrangements to the actual needs of the service. Friday, the 14th, was the anniversary of the surrender of Fort Sumter in 1861, by Major ANDERSON, to the Southern forces, and was celebrated as the day on which the same officers should raise the Union flag upon the fort, with appropriate displays and an oration by HENRY WARD BEECHER. It was destined to be made far more memorable by the most appalling transaction, until that time, recorded in American history. The President was assassinated at Ford's Theater in Washington.

The grief of the people, as well as their anger, was indescribable. In a quiet town an aged citizen, full of joy at the prospect of immediate peace, could not bear the terrible revulsion of feeling, and fell dead. In a great city a patriotic youth became maddened and cried out to his widowed mother, "I go to follow Lincoln," and sought relief in suicide. Men of the strongest make became absolutely sick. Immediately the cry was raised that JOHN WILKES BOOTH, the actor, was the assassin.

He was the third son of the actor, JUNIUS BRUTUS BOOTH. Junius Brutus Booth was an actor of rare power, mastering intricate characters by intuition rather than study; he was intemperate, profligate, and licentious.

Very early John Wilkes Booth became an actor.

The morality of actors and actresses has been a subject of much discussion. Perhaps if an opponent of the theater as an institution were to attempt to describe it, prejudice would be suspected. The following is from Appleton's Cyclopædia in an article entitled "Actors and Actresses": "When not addicted to intemperance, to which the exciting character of the life inclines so many, they have reached the longest period of the duration of human life. Of all classes they are the freest from crime. *An inordinate vanity and an irregularity in money matters are among the vices of the profession. But that which principally tends to continue the social ban upon them is their looseness upon the subject of marriage.* Some of the greatest actors have two or three wives living, and there is a lavish promiscuous notion in the minds of all on the subject of family relations." Intemperance, "inordinate vanity," licentiousness, bigamy and "irregularity in money matters" are by this author regarded as being compatible

with entire freedom from crime. The description, however, is in general correct.

The assassin, like his father and brother Edwin, was a tragedian. He was goaded by the most powerful motive to reach out and up for fame—the memory of his father and the successes of his brother Edwin. The tragedies the family dealt with were largely Shakespearean, generally of kings and princes. Shakespearean tragedies abound in assassinations. In Macbeth Lady Macbeth and her husband assassinate Duncan and procure the assassination of Banquo, whose ghost will not down. Lady Macduff and all her children are murdered by hired assassins. Last of all, Malcolm and Macduff kill Macbeth, while Lady Macbeth becomes insane. In King John is a scene of assassination and attempted assassination. Richard the Second is still worse, and the king himself is at length assassinated. Henry IV, V, VI, VII and VIII are vast scenes of intrigue, murder and treachery; also Julius Caesar, Antony and Cleopatra, Coriolanus and Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, are filled with terrible deeds. It was in Richard III, representing the vilest of characters, that John Wilkes Booth excelled, and in it is a summary in which all the assassinated kings arise. To him, therefore, assassination would not seem as to ordinary men. Except in refined natures it could not seem as revolting in conception or as terrible in execution.

His career, as a whole, was not a success. In his earlier efforts in Philadelphia he appeared under the name of J. Wilkes, and they were ignominious failures. He did better in Richmond, and after awhile appeared to better advantage than before in Romeo, and especially in Richard III. He was dissatisfied, disappointed, soured, embittered, though his thirst for fame was insatiable.

In 1863 he said to a friend: "What a glorious opportunity there is for a man to immortalize himself by killing Lincoln," and then quoted these lines: "The ambitious youth who fired the Ephesian dome outlives in fame the pious fool who reared it." This quotation was often on his lips. A year before the assassination, to a gentleman of high standing, he said: "The man who kills Abe Lincoln will occupy a higher niche in the temple of fame than GEORGE WASHINGTON."

Why did he not kill JEFFERSON DAVIS instead of ABRAHAM LINCOLN?

Because he had a wholly unnatural view of the character of Abraham Lincoln and regarded him as a tyrant; and being intensely in sympathy with the South he took this view of the character of the President. Whereas the defect of Mr. Lincoln, if there was any, consisted in being too merciful. He could not refuse to pardon his worst enemy. The day before his death he took measures to allow BEVERLY TUCKER and JACOB THOMPSON to escape for Europe. In the fatal act Booth was the tragedian in every step.

Said the assassin to a friend, "Go to Ford's Theater tonight. There will be some splendid acting." How carefully were the arrangements made. None but a practiced tragedian could have been so fatally sure of success. He leaped upon the stage and cried, "*Sic Semper Tyrannis*." His deed resulted from a lust for fame, mingled with sympathy for the South and hatred for the man. His victim was selected under a misapprehension of his character, and Booth died the death of a mad dog, shot in a barn by a religious fanatic who thought God told him to do so.

Only half-crazy people and murderers at heart, in the South or elsewhere, rejoiced at Lincoln's assassination. Lee, Davis, and every statesman bitterly mourned—some most for Lincoln's loss, some most for the South, and everywhere for the country. All the kings of the earth lamented, some for the man, some for the President, and all because assassination of rulers is contagious.

Mrs. MARGARET HOWELL JEFFERSON DAVIS HAYES, daughter of the President of the Confederacy, who is the wife of a banker in Colorado Springs, on learning that a

Union regiment holding a reunion had hung upon the walls of the hotel a copy of the proclamation offering a large reward for the arrest of her father and other Confederate leaders for alleged complicity in the assassination of President LINCOLN, made a protest to General WILLIAM J. PALMER, who was the host of the reunion. Before her protest had been received the general had heard of the proclamation and ordered it to be taken down. On this she wrote:

I was a small child at that time, and, like most Southern children, I looked upon Lincoln as the arch-enemy of my country. As the servants and guards around us were thoughtlessly rejoicing, I ran to my father with what I supposed would be good news to him. He gravely and gently took me in his arms and explained to me that this terrible deed was done by a crazy man, who no doubt thought he was the savior of the South, but was really her worst enemy.

"Always remember, my little daughter, no wrong can ever make a right," he said. "The South does not wish her rights to come through dastardly murders, but through fair fights." Then he sighed heavily, and said:

"This is the bitterest blow that could have been dealt to the Southern cause. Lincoln was a just man, and would have been fair and generous in his treatment of the Southern people. His successor is a man we can expect nothing from."

Let not him who is houseless pull down the house of another, but let him work diligently and build one for himself, thus by example assuring that his own shall be safe from violence when built.—[Lincoln: Reply to New York Workingmen, March 21, 1864.]

"Alcoholic Headquarters"

MARY A. HUNT, of Boston, who was long prominent for her personal efforts in securing laws making it compulsory to teach the dangers of alcohol to the children of the public schools in every State in the Union, gathered an immense collection of pamphlets, books, papers and data on the alcohol question. At her death a company was formed and incorporated by the State of Massachusetts, to make this collection the foundation of a working library on the subject of alcohol. Its basic purpose is to gather literature from books and papers in all lands, so that students, scholars and temperance workers can have access to everything written. This work has been going on for about two years and is indorsed by libraries, authors and societies. The annual meeting of the corporation was held not long ago, and it appears that more than 2,000 books, papers and pamphlets have been contributed during the last year. It is interesting to know that already more than 500 persons have applied to the Bureau for help and data concerning the problem.

In Germany and on the Continent of Europe generally the literature is increasing very rapidly. In the year 1907 more than 500 books and papers appeared.

The title of the corporation is the Scientific Temperance Federation Bureau. A membership fee is charged to furnish a working capital, and appeals for endowment are now being made. Dr. T. D. CROTHERS, of Hartford, Conn., who has written probably more than any other member of the medical profession, makes an appeal. The society already has secured the promise of a building lot in Boston for the erection of a library. Miss CORA F. STODDARD, of 23 Trull Street, Boston, Mass., is the secretary of the bureau.

The paper in which we saw the appeal wittily entitles it "*Alcoholic Headquarters*." The name is not true to the facts. The Alcoholic Headquarters are the breweries, distilleries, saloons, most of the hotels, secret rooms for committeemen and members of the Legislatures and Congress, clubs, political conventions, etc., and some alumni dinners, and some clerical, and not a few private residences and

weddings. Nor would it go far out of the way to include the bonded warehouses and the Treasury of the United States, and the treasuries of the respective States, with a few exceptions, into which a ceaseless stream of taxes silently runs; it is the money paid and accepted for the privilege of drunkard-making, character-ruining and domestic happiness-undoing.

These are separate depots, but all together constitute the most appalling *Headquarters* to be found in the world.

I never encourage deceit; and falsehood, especially if you have got a bad memory, is the worst enemy a fellow can have. The fact is, truth is your truest friend, no matter what the circumstances are.

Notwithstanding this copy-book preamble, my boy, I am inclined to suggest a little prudence.—[Lincoln: Letter to George E. Pickett, February 22, 1842.

Mr. Carnegie Promoting Heroism

The Carnegie Hero Fund Commission recently handed down twenty-six awards. Among those to get medals and money are several persons and families in this city. The largest award is to the widow of PETER J. COLLINS of this city. He lost his life in endeavoring to save his fellow-laborers who were working in a gaseous man-hole. His widow receives \$40 a month for life, or until she remarries, and \$5 a month for each of her children. Another workman named MULDOON lost his life at the same time, and his family gets medals and money. SAMUEL A. JOHNSTON receives a medal and a sum of money not specified in the dispatch. He narrowly escaped in the same catastrophe. JOHN BASCO, JR., of Bayonne, N. J., "performed a nifty feat at his then home in Ohio by saving a chum from drowning in Lake Erie." He receives a medal and \$2,500 to complete his education.

When MR. CARNEGIE established this fund some sentimentalists with a twist in their understanding opposed it, declaring that it would stimulate efforts by mercenary considerations. They might as well have moved for the abolition of all honors to be paid to successful army and navy officers, and all prizes given for high standing in scholastic pursuits. Most heroic achievements are done on the instant. Not many, if any, will travel the country on the lookout for the opportunity for heroism, and if they did humanity as a whole would be benefited by it.

I am not accustomed to the use of language of eulogy; I have never studied the art of paying compliments to women; but I must say, that if all that has been said by orators and poets since the creation of the world in praise of women were applied to the women of America, it would not do them justice for their conduct during this war. I will close by saying, God bless the women of America.—[Lincoln: Remarks on Closing Sanitary Fair in Washington, March 18, 1864.

He Would Put Out the Light

A contributor to the Lutheran World vouches for the truth of the following incident:

"In a certain place a 'freethinker' had died. Instead of asking a Christian minister to officiate at the funeral, it was arranged to secure the services of another freethinker to deliver the funeral oration. No service of any kind was held at the house or the church, but the procession went at once to the burial ground. After the casket had been lowered into the grave, the orator began to speak. There was no singing, no prayer, no reading from the Bible.

"In a cold, harsh tone the speaker went on to say that we have no proof of life after death. If there is such a

life, he declared that the deceased would come into possession of the best that was in store; but so far as we know this life ends all; this may be the last of our friend and loved one.

"In the midst of his agnostical assertions there came an interruption. The dead man's aged mother could not endure such cold-hearted statements. Suddenly she began to cry out, 'No! no!' and placing her hands upon her ears to shut out the sound, she walked away from the grave, leaving the speaker to finish his heartless oration as best he could."

This is but one of many instances. Whatever may be the case with individuals, "the human heart, into which God has breathed nobler impulses and aspirations, cannot endure the cold, hopeless philosophy of agnosticism."

No men living are more worthy to be trusted than those who toil up from poverty—none less inclined to take or touch aught which they have not honestly earned.—[Lincoln: Annual Message to Congress, December 3, 1861.

Pastor or Preacher?

We asked a friend, "How do you like your pastor?" and received this reply:

"We haven't one. Dr. X—— is a good preacher and has no trouble in securing an audience, but he hasn't been in my house since he came, two years ago, except when we have formally invited him to dinner."

"Does he devote most of his time to study?"

"A fair amount, I think, and his sermons are, as I said, excellent; but visiting his parishioners seems a bore to him; their private affairs do not especially interest him."

"Is he faithful to the sick and to those in affliction?"

"I have a neighbor, a patient Christian girl, who has been in bed for years from spinal trouble, and she told me recently that she had not heard a prayer for five months. I asked her if Dr. X—— never came in."

"'Yes,' she said, 'he has been here twice. I sent for him the first time, but he tried to "cheer me up" by telling me how becoming invalidism is to me, and how happy I must be in having such an accomplished and famous brother. The second visit was a similar waste of time.' Is he ashamed of his discipleship?"

"But," we asked, "may not this neglect of opportunity be exceptional?"

"I fear not," the friend responded. "I have known of several families who sorely needed a minister in the truest sense of the word."

The same day we said to another acquaintance: "How do you like your pastor?"

"First rate," was his answer. "He is a good fellow, sensible and sympathetic; his preaching doesn't amount to much, for he does so much social visiting that he hasn't time for the preparation of the 'meat which endureth unto everlasting life'; but that doesn't seem to affect the size of the congregation. Our people are in the habit of going to church, and, like the whole world of saints and sinners, are always secretly hoping for the power which will bring down saving grace, so they go Sunday after Sunday."

These conversations were sobering. Alas, there are too many ministers of the gospel who are content to give half a loaf to the throng which is hungering for the living bread.

Theological seminaries should strive to furnish well-rounded men, and the men themselves should be so eager in the work of the Lord in whose name they go forth, that both pulpit and pastoral effort will be of the noblest. Our sentiments upon this subject are expressed by the well-instructed but forgetful child who, when asked at a luncheon which she would have, chicken or tongue, replied, "I like either; I will take both."



Contributions



Lincoln¹

By Ross L. Finney

Not ancient Hebrew of heroic mold,
Nor mediæval shepherdess alone,
Hath Sinai's God to leadership alarmed;
But ever in tumultuous time of need
He calleth forth his man to meet the hour.
O Lincoln! Sent of God, Columbia crowns
Thy brow with laurel wreaths; fair Liberty
Engraves thy name in living light upon
The page of history; while love doth find
Thee lodgment in the hearts of all mankind.

Thou pilot brave! Whose steadfast form
stood firm,
Whose hand did guide our Ship of State across
The stormy sea of war, while thunders rolled,
And livid lightnings flashed athwart the sky,
Though rugged rocks of treason lay along
Our course, like giant monsters of the deep,
With yawning jaws to crush our driven bark;
And treacherous maelstroms howled with
fiercer rage
Than Scylla's dogs; thou, with thine eye fixed
on
Some light that glimmered on the shore, didst
keep
Our constant course across the angry deep.

And thus we learn to love thy careworn
smile,
To trust thy wisdom's oracle, to feel
Thy faith prophetic on our fear distill,
And own the might of thy magnetic will.

At length a calm came o'er the awful sea,
The gale subsided, and the clouds rolled back,
The haven broke upon our raptured view.
But lo! the furious demons of the sea

And of the storm, concentrated all in one
Infernal genius even in our midst—
The murderous traitor beacons Death, and
points

His finger at thy faithful breast! O hour
Of horror! moment of supreme despair!
Thy smile by pallid lids was veiled, thy soul
Had fled, thy dauntless heart had ceased to
beat,
Thy mighty form lay fallen at our feet.

The nation wept. Both friend and foe did
pour
Their tears sincerely forth to water thy
Beloved memory; and for thy grave
The solemn world their fragrant honors gave.

Let ages roll, let seers and sages be
Forgotten; let their granite monuments
All crumble into dust, and forests grow
Upon the hilltops where they stand; e'en let
The continents subside and billows roll
Above its sacred battlefields, while on
The emptied bed of ocean let there rise
And flourish nations new: let roll the tides
Of ceaseless change upon the shores of the
Eternal plan; let dawn that distant, far
Off day toward which the marching centuries
move,

When each to every man shall brother be,
When perfect justice, liberty, and right
Shall rule indeed; yet even then shalt thou,
Immortal Lincoln! be revered by all
Who gratefully review the bloody way
O'er which the common man hath slowly trod,
From slavery, up the eternal hills of God.

LIVERNE, MINN.

The Photographs of Abraham Lincoln

By Frederick Hill Meserve

(With portraits from the collection of the author)

Photography was a new art in the fifties of the last century. The daguerreotype, a silvered plate portrait, was the earliest form, but although this method gave very beautiful results, it was too expensive to permit of general use, and was followed by the ambrotype, which, like the daguerreotype, gave a single portrait for each exposure, but was in the nature of a transparency of glass. This was superseded by the glass negative and the sensitized paper prints. Sitting for a portrait in those days was an event. When the daguerreotype was first in vogue, it required many minutes of self-control on the part of the "sitter" before the image was fixed upon the plate.

Perhaps no one of his time was so much photographed as Mr. Lincoln, but there are few portraits of him before 1858, the year of his celebrated debates with Stephen A. Douglas, in the campaign for the United States senatorship for Illinois. It is not likely that an unpublished portrait of Lincoln exists, and the discovery of one varying from those already known would be of great interest to the increasing number of people who are now studying his life and the period in which he was the commanding figure.

There is in the possession of his son, the Hon. Robert T. Lincoln, of Chicago, the earliest known portrait of the great American. It is a daguerreotype and is believed

to have been made in 1848. He was then about thirty-nine years old and had been married nearly six years. This (1) is the portrait of the young lawyer of Springfield, Ill., who had just entered Congress and was even then an outspoken anti-slavery advocate.

Another of the very early photographs was that made in Chicago in 1854, and first published in 1898 in Miss Tarbell's *Early Life of Lincoln*. He was already known as a lawyer of great ability. His ready wit, his fund of stories, and his democratic habits had endeared him to the people of his section. At this time, and even after his nomination to the presidency, his face was clean shaven. It was thin, but showed great kindliness of expression; the nose was prominent, the cheeks sunken, lips full, the mouth large, eyes deep set, and brows well marked. The lines about the mouth that deepened in later years as cares of state and the burdens of the war weighed upon him, had begun to appear. All of his portraits show a full head of hair, and not closely cut, as was the fashion of the time.

Mr. Lincoln's pictures do not show great care in dress. Many appear to have been made without preparation. At one time, after a speech made in his shirt-sleeves on a hot summer's day, he visited a local photograph gallery, at the request of some of his admirers, and borrowed the artist's coat for the picture. The poor fit is ap-

parent. On another occasion he was not willing to smooth his hair to suit the photographer, and ran his fingers through it before the plate was exposed. There were no snap shots when Mr. Lincoln sat before the camera. The old wet-plate negatives required time, and some of these pictures show the iron head rest that prevented motion during the few seconds the likeness was being made. Of the very rare and interesting series of pictures made of him in 1862, on the field of Antietam after the battle, one shows that he moved his head too soon, for the clearness of outline and detail is lost. In this picture is seen Major Allen Pinkerton, the famous detective, who played an important part in the Secret Service during the war. In another of this series Mr. Lincoln is standing with General McClellan and a number of officers. This is one of the few group pictures showing his height in comparison with that of others. His tall hat adds to the effect. There was no posing on his part in any of his pictures, no self-conscious expression in the face or unnatural attitude. The real Lincoln seems to be shown.

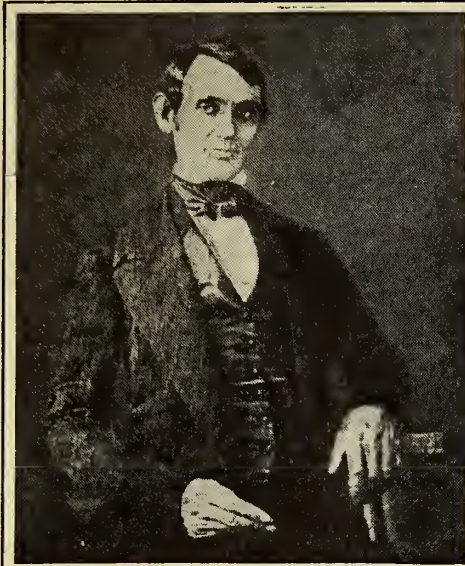
The portraits made during the debates with Douglas in 1858 show Mr. Lincoln at the beginning of his national fame (2). The personal contrast between the two opponents was as great as that between their convictions of the questions at issue. Mr. Douglas was short and inclined to stoutness. His voice was deep and powerful, his diction polished, his manner overbearing. Mr. Lincoln towered above him. His voice was high, and he was less self-assertive. He would attack the arguments of the older and more skilled debater with homely illustrations, to which his hearers could respond, and if his language was simple, his case was made with a singular directness.

After his nomination in 1860, there were many photographs made of him. It is said that over one hundred thousand copies of one popular portrait were distributed. The ambrotype made in Springfield, Ill., August 13, 1860, and now owned by Major William H. Lambert, of Philadelphia, is one of the best examples of this period. In this Mr. Lincoln is seated, with arms folded. Soon after this, he began to grow a beard, and a portrait made in Springfield, showing its early growth, is an interesting reminder of the general comment and even ridicule that its appearance excited.

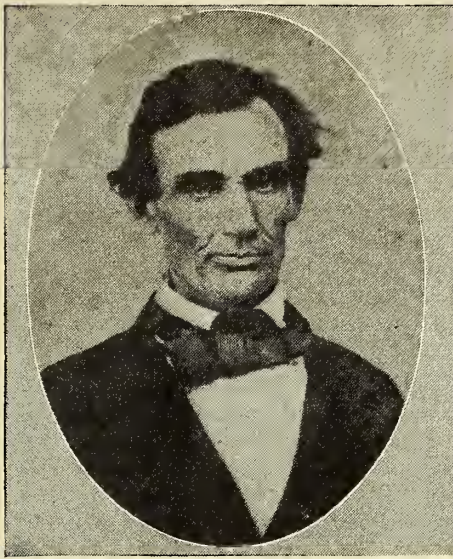
His first visit to the celebrated photograph studio of Matthew B. Brady, who was later to make so many portraits of him as President, was on February 27, 1860, the day of his great Cooper Institute speech in New York, made at the request of the committee of a young men's Republican club. Lincoln himself said that this speech and picture helped him to the White House. This is, perhaps, one of the best known of the portraits made before he became President (3).

Three years later, in the spring of 1863, he sat for a picture in Washington, at his own solicitation. The two Gardner brothers,

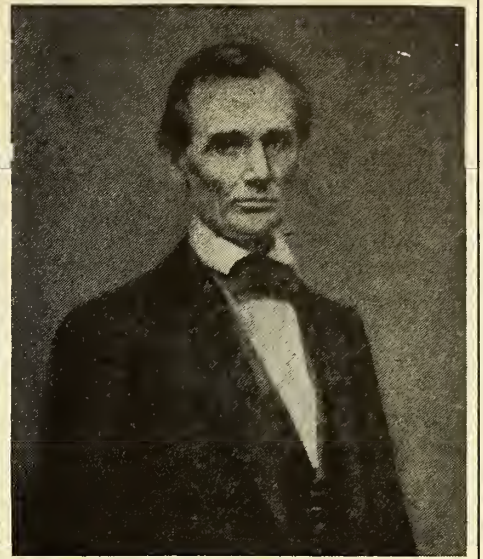
¹Copyrighted, 1909, Ross L. Finney.



(1) THE EARLIEST PORTRAIT
Made about 1848



(2) DURING THE DEBATES WITH STEPHEN
A. DOUGLAS IN 1858



(3) AT TIME OF COOPER INSTITUTE SPEECH
New York, February 27, 1860

who had been employed by Brady, then the official government photographer, taking pictures of battlefields, scenes of the operations of the armies and portraits of officers and men in the field, were about to open a gallery of their own. They had previously worked in a small building in the White House grounds, and Lincoln had often visited them there, and as was customary with him, had made friends with them. Hearing of their new venture, he told them he would be their first sitter. Mr. John Fury, then a young man in Washington, later pay inspector in the navy, and now the treasurer of the New York Commandery of the Loyal Legion, was asked by the Gardners to be present. He said the President came to the new studio on Sunday morning, as the gallery was to be opened to the public on the following day. He was in good spirits and spoke familiarly to the Gardner brothers, calling them "Alex" and "Jim." One of the portraits made on that day is shown (4). The president had begun to grow old. This portrait shows the nearest approach to a smile of any of those made during the first three years of his presidency. He was the target for abuse by those who believed the war to be a wrong remedy for the slavery disease and the bugbear of State Rights. His acts were criticized freely and openly. Some of his

friends were not in sympathy with his policies. His armies were not too successful. Grant had not assumed command.

Although Brady made many photographs of Mr. Lincoln, his profile portrait of 1864, of which the original negative is now owned by the writer, is perhaps the most interesting of the later pictures. It is of singular clearness and has been copied by etchers and engravers. (See Frontispiece.)

Brady also made a number of pictures of Mr. Lincoln and Thomas, or Tad, as he was known, but there are no family groups, and Mrs. Lincoln, of whom many photographs were made in Washington, was not photographed with her husband.

A study of the portraits of Mr. Lincoln in chronological order after the beginning

of the war, shows a record of increasing care. It is too apparent to be disregarded. It has been said that he could in a flash change from grave to gay; could forget the demands of state, the importunities of politicians, the heart-breaking decisions that his duty as Commander-in-Chief of the Army required. But his great soul was in his labors. He was being spent in doing what he believed to be his whole duty.

It is not strange that Lincoln's figure should stand out as the greatest American of his century. It is true that he had opportunity, but he rose to it. He was a constructive statesman, and he was never afraid to do himself what he believed to be right.

New York city.

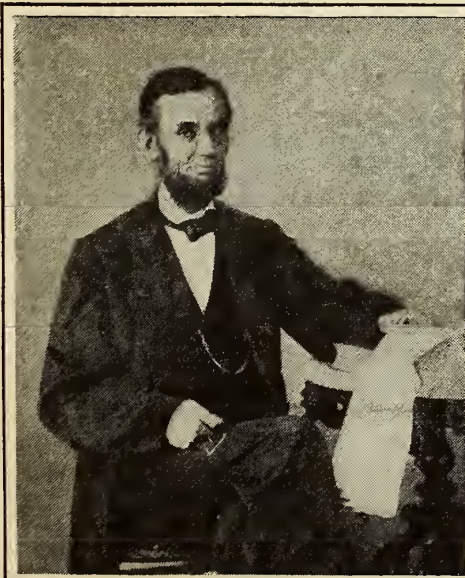
The Lincoln Cycle

By Professor R. T. Stevenson, of Ohio Wesleyan University

In the lecture room of a professor in Berlin University, a year ago, where there were at least a dozen tongues spoken, the lecturer called for an expression of opinion as to the greatest men of the nineteenth century. A Frenchman named Napoleon, the professor smiled and assented (thinking likely of the French soldiers in Berlin in 1807), an Englishman named Darwin, a

German called out Bismarck, an American gave Lincoln. It was worth noting that none had a warmer "Yah!" than the name of the rail-splitter President, Emancipator, Martyr, who came up into the notice of the world by way of poverty, self-denial, hard toil, great brains, good heart, honor and glorious achievement.

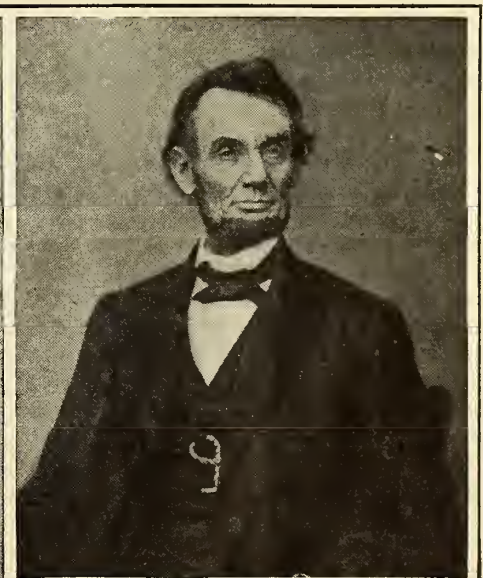
The scene and reception of the names set



(4) MADE IN WASHINGTON
Early in 1863



(5) WASHINGTON, APRIL 9, 1865
One of the Last Portraits



(6) WASHINGTON, ABOUT 1864
The Familiar Portrait of Lincoln

me to thinking of the enlarging cycle of Abraham Lincoln. His fame is not likely to lessen. Admiration seems to be about to give way in the hearts of some to a sort of adoration. The remark of Carl Schurz is suggestive, in which he says that no American can study the career and character of Abraham Lincoln without being carried away by sentimental emotion. This has led many to put him in a class by himself, saying of him as the Germans say of Richter, "*Der Einzige!*" At any rate a surpassing radiance has already mantled his renown. Lincoln himself scarcely knew what he was saying when, in an impassioned appeal to Congress, December 1, 1862, he spoke as true prophet: "Fellow-citizens, we cannot escape history!" At any rate he neither forced himself upon fame's shining records nor tried to hide from the notice of men. He did his work and passed on.

It has been growing upon me that we Americans have not yet appreciated Lincoln as the express image of his time. And this, too, not merely from the view point of his place and influence in the evolution of American life and politics, but from that of his relation to the world-movement during his lifetime. His years were 1809-1865. Significant enough for the United States, and yet as much so for Europe. In Europe the two ideas which were to challenge all men from peasant to king were those of Democracy and Nationality. Around them there swept the legions of Napoleon from Lodi to Waterloo, and the "red shirts" of Garibaldi, the German hosts around Metz, and the Reform Bill of Gladstone in 1835. To some they were a savor of life unto life, to others a savor of death unto death. The poison of Metternich was the hope of Andreas Hofer, the patriot of Tyrol. A glorious trade wind was blowing the world around in the cycle of the Sangamon Valley humorist-statesman. It carried seeds of union and of liberty.

In Europe the cycle, at its farther diameter, is marked by the magnificent despotism of Napoleon, which reached its top of pride and power in the same year in which a poor mother held in her lap in Hardin County, Ky., a homely babe. Napoleon reached his highest level of real power in 1809. At this end of the diameter the man is dying in Washington, with the Union saved, while in Europe the battle of Sadowa, July 4, 1866, gave Prussia first place in Germany, and laid the foundation for the unification of the empire. Union was in the air. Italy came in for her share before we had ceased weeping for our dead; and thus they file out into history—Germany, Italy and the United States—majestically asserting their solidarity in triumph against all forces tending to disintegration.

A bird's-eye view of the cycle shows also the gradual rising of the elements of a democratic assertion of power. Little promise of manhood suffrage was there in Europe in the decade in which Lincoln first saw the light of day in his cabin home. In the case of France we see how a great people paid, for a time, a tremendous price for her imperialism, under the soldier from Corsica. The year 1809 saw him at the crest of the wave before it broke in Spain when the people began to resist him. Napoleon said long afterward on the Isle of Saint Helena that he had misjudged the

latent might of a popular uprising. The swarthy babe in Kentucky was barely a week old when Saragossa to the northeast of Madrid was compelled to surrender to the French, but not until its citizens had won an immortal fame for their stout defense in which sixty thousand gave up their lives for their country. Napoleon could break down kings in their purple, but he met his fate when the peasantry and traders of Europe faced his Old Guard.

"But," says one, "it was a long journey from Napoleon to the French Chamber of Deputies and the present House of Commons." True enough. But the path was open. And what is to the point men were volunteering to enter it faster than they enlisted in the armies of kings. Patience was needed. Men saw their hopes deferred. For years centralization throttled liberty. Tocqueville said: "There is only one thing we cannot create in France: that is a free government. And there is only one thing we cannot destroy: and that is centralization." But even France has been getting rid of the vice of centralization. For when she introduced self-government in her local units she reversed Napoleon's work and today France eyes a new future.

Germany, at the opening of the cycle, was from the view point of nationality "a political crazy-quilt." The transformation took place in the decade in which Lincoln died, and this was a great gain. Though Democracy has not yet entered the full inheritance for which it has been a century in travail, the signs all point that way, even in the land where the drill sergeant and the policeman are the visible institutions of government. Even while the German professor was welcoming the mention of the name of Lincoln, the Kaiser was compelled to set up on his palace roof a gatling gun, January, 1908, in order to secure his "sacred person" against the assault of thirty thousand rioters. Their aim was to secure larger suffrage rights. Nine months later the Kaiser lost seventy-five per cent of his popularity, it is estimated, by reason of his impulsive arrogance and assertion of the belated doctrine of "divine right." And lo! Maximilien Hardin, editor of the *Zukunft*, who less than a year before had served a sentence in prison for exposing the Potsdam "Round Table," now publicly, and without fear of another term in prison, demands of his majesty that he either quiet down or abdicate.

It has been said that the rule of Metternich took the place of that of Napoleon. He declared that "sovereigns alone are entitled to guide the destinies of their peoples, and they are responsible to none but God. * * * Government is no more a subject of debate than religion is." Stein, the great inspirer of the new day for Prussia in the decade when Lincoln was born, criticized Metternich in that he was too much given to intrigue, and did not do business "in the great and simple way." Herein he unwittingly eulogized the statesmanship and diplomatic genius of Abraham Lincoln.

A study of Germany, as being of especial interest at the present moment, affords an opportunity both for comparison and for contrast with the United States. At the time of the birth of Lincoln both countries were suffering at the hand of a common foe. Napoleon's mighty fist smote hard

upon the capital of Prussia, exiled Stein, and lifted from the Brandenburger Tor its famous chariot as spoils of war. It was from Berlin that the conqueror issued his famous "decree," which was aimed at Great Britain, and by 1812 threw the leading neutral nation, America, into conflict with the mother-country. But by 1815 (the year of the birth of Bismarck, the unifier of Germany) both Germany and the United States entered a new period of self-assertion, of loyalty to high ideals, of permanent power and respect among all men.

In Germany the great awakening meant a world-position in literature and art, with Goethe at the head of a distinguished band of men such as Humboldt, Hegel and Cornelius. The case in America is not exactly parallel as it might appear to a superficial observer. It is true that Bryant, Emerson, Irving and Bancroft bespeak fine regard for their leadership of American literature. Yet I would name as the most peculiar product of the first third of the nineteenth century, not these men, but that procession of unknown men who streamed westward toward and across the Mississippi River, conquering every foe they met and planting a wonderful civilization within a few years.

Nothing of like sort has surpassed in modern times the masterful, even fierce, but in the end beneficent energy with which these early settlers lifted the vast wilderness out of the category of Indian hunting-grounds, and with incredible swiftness transformed the abodes of wild animals and wilder men into homes and farms and shops and schools and churches.

A German writer, Victor Heyn, has lately said of Goethe: "His whole life was a great Epic Poem." With quite equal appropriateness it may be said of the throng which filled up the Mississippi Valley in the last third of Goethe's life and from a wilderness without any set boundaries established a succession of noble states of the Union, putting upon each state the stamp of a heroic purpose to share the destiny of the Republic—this was without doubt a great "Epic Deed."

The West took up the two ideals of which mention has been made—Democracy and Nationality—and held the destiny of the Union in its fists. As the Civil War drew near, it became a matter of supreme moment how the Western States would stand, whether for Nationality or Secession, for they held more than the balance of power.

It was almost inevitable that the man for the hour should spring from the West. Though Lincoln was born in a border slave state, he grew up in a free state. There he developed into a leader of men. He hugged to his bosom the dream of Democracy as a politico-social ideal, in utter sympathy with the democratic feelings of men, even more than was true of Jefferson, the father of the Democratic party, and yet he upheld as none other the companion ideal, that of Union, and got thorough training to become the chief agent in perpetuating what Jefferson himself held at one time as an uncertainty, namely, an indissoluble and expanding Union.

As Lincoln reached middle life these two ideals were imperiled. The Union was threatened by the slave-owning aristocracy of the South, who saw power in Congress

slipping from their hands, owing to the tremendous development* of the Western free states. The South, politically the controlling element of the Democratic party, was socially an aristocracy destined to develop to still higher power the exclusiveness and class system which more and more marked the industrialism of slavery, for gradually the slave-owners were becoming a small per cent of the total white population in the South, and, therefore, the oligarchic masters of its political destiny. However, when the awful struggle ended both ideals were safe. The Union was intact, and the white man of the South as well as the black man was free. Without some such background as the above, the student of our history can have no clear conception of the life and work of Abraham Lincoln. But when he is seen to be the veriest impersonation of two great constructive ideas of human progress, moving both the American and the European will and character, and at the same time on both sides of the ocean, then is his greatness truly apparent, and his fame the surer of perpetuity as one of the great ones of the earth.

Lincoln was not an Abolitionist in the sense of Garrison, for the latter would shiver the fabric of government in order to free the Negro; the Constitution might go, if only the yoke of servitude might be lifted from the necks of slaves. But it is worth our remembrance that Providence never commits to men with the temper of anarchists the job of making constructive additions to progress. The man who is both builder and reformer is of a different type. Lincoln was under oath to save the Union, as he wrote to Mr. Greeley in that most lucid and unanswerable letter: "If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it; and if I could do it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that." Then what a closing sentence, maxim for reformer, preacher, statesman: "I shall try to correct errors when shown to be errors; and I shall adopt new views so fast as they shall appear to be true views."

When Lincoln lay dead both ends had been gained and the land was rich in its assets of freedom and nationality. No man was a slave, and no state was out of the Union. Stanton was prophet indeed when he closed the eyes of the martyr-President and said, "Now he belongs to the ages!"

The Lincoln cycle has a larger sweep than that of Bismarck, his contemporary, with his "blood and iron" doctrine, for though the count centralized Germany he did not give it, at least Prussia, the freedom for which its citizens longed. The ideals of democracy were but dust in the eyes of the German autocrat. One year after the death of Lincoln, Prussia humbled Austria and reached the climax of long-laid plans, some of them born in fraud as well as patriotism. But when he turned to crush German Socialism, he failed. And though the masterful Kaiser took out of his hands the purpose and the experiment, little good has come from his efforts to rid the empire of the cry of the common man struggling for his suffrage rights. The events of the past twelvemonth point not away from but toward the Lincoln ideal of

the uplift of the man who labors and whose toil helps to uphold the empire. He will ultimately get recognition in Germany as well as in America.

The vision of the Gettysburg prophet-statesman, of a government imperishable because "of, by, and for" the people will yet be realized in Europe. Even now the group of states in Eastern Europe have felt the effect of the inspiration of the double ideal—Nationality and Democracy. Through these principles of progress a new Germany, a new Italy, a new and a stable French Republic, a new Swiss Republic, a new and democratic England, a constitutional Austria-Hungary, and even the group of free Slav states in the Balkan peninsula come trailing upon the heels of the Moses of the nineteenth century, for the generous and the strong ideals of Abraham Lincoln lead the way. The new day is dawning in

terms of the noble vision of the Illinois lawyer as of none other of his day.

After all there is a something left over in any analysis of this man's life and work, a depth I cannot quite fathom, a sweet, a pervasive, a mighty note that swells out from his career when appealed to by the shining hopes of men, of quite mystic origin like the legendary music that broke from the statue of Memnon when smitten by the earliest rays of the morning sun. Seldom has history thrown into the lime-light such a life, so disadvantaged at the start, so masterful at the end, so gloriously qualified to achieve such astounding results in the face of such amazing difficulties, so sure of an eternal fame.

The quaint words of the old Negro tell the truth: "Massa Linkum walk de earf like de Lawd!"

Delaware, O.

Lincoln As a Story-Teller

By J. H. Egbert, D.D.

I believe I have the popular reputation of being a story-teller, but I do not deserve the name in its general sense, for it is not the story itself, but its purpose, or effect, that interests me. I have often avoided a long and useless discussion by others, or a laborious explanation on my own part, by a short story that illustrated my point of view: so too the sharpness of a refusal or edge of a rebuke may be blunted by an appropriate story, so that feelings are not so likely to be wounded as they otherwise might be, and yet serve the purpose. No, I am not simply a story-teller, but story-telling as an emollient saves me much friction and distress.—Abraham Lincoln.

I may not be able to enumerate all the qualifications of a good story-teller, but of one thing I am thoroughly convinced—namely, that whatever their number and character Lincoln possessed them to an extraordinary degree.

While a good memory greatly facilitates the telling of stories, it is not by any means the prime factor. The best of story-tellers are often at a loss when suddenly called upon for something applicable to the occasion, despite the fact that a large stock may be stored away in the mind. Every "after-dinner" speaker appreciates this fact, and unless he has prepared himself for a designated place on the program, will be much better satisfied to follow than to lead. Lincoln's introduction to his best stories verifies this—"That reminds me." Adaptation then is one of the essential, if not the essential qualifications of a good story; there must be something in the very nature of the person that responds to the appeal which the situation makes to him. The well may be full of water, but unless there be something to draw with there will be none brought to the surface—and assuredly no continual flowing unless there be something to start it. The endless chain pump of my boyhood illustrates this. The man who has been bitten badly by a mangy cur never hears a dog bark for a long time afterward without being reminded.

Lincoln was a story-teller, not a story-manufacturer. He is quoted as having

said that he originated but **two** of the many, many stories told by him.

Another qualification is inspiration—story-telling is not only an art, it is a gift. Without some inspiration a story loses its spice and force, and is about as much a success as a vaudeville would be in a graveyard where the relations and friends of the audience were buried. No story ever lost its flavor or pointedness when being told by Lincoln, nor did he find it necessary to spice a story with vulgarity or appeal to the lower passions for applause. Sometimes, it is true, terms were used by him which would be subject to perhaps just criticism if used for other purposes than the emphasizing of a much-needed moral. There have been some who objected to the nature of his reply to one who was waggishly soliciting money where-with to purchase a new pair of pantaloons for a brother lawyer who was unconsciously flying the flag of distress—"I have nothing for the end in view." Consider how the situation appealed to the qualification of adaptation, so strong in him, and tell me how he could have helped it.

Not every so-called good story-teller may be denominated wise, but every wise man has at least one qualification necessary to that distinction—namely, a profound appreciation of the power of unique and practical illustration. Lincoln possessed this, and practiced it with wonderful results. He used it with effect in debating matters relating to his administration. Commenting on the defeat of Hood's powerful army and its significance at that critical time, he said it reminded him of the Irishman's comment on a dog that had been accidentally dynamited—"Faith, he was a good dog, a very good dog, but bedad his days of usefulness are over." General X ———, a commander who, despite his unfitness, retained his position at the head of a considerable body of troops, tried his patience to such a degree, that on one occasion he exclaimed, "I wish X ——— had more of the spirit of our village blacksmith, who one day set out to make a plowshare. Finding that he had not enough material at hand, he determined to make an ax, but the quality of the metal balking his purpose, he

plunged the red hot mass into a tank of water kept by the craft for cooling and hardening purposes, with a 'Well, confound you, I'll make something out of you, if it is only a fizzle.'"

Again, when with the whole nation he was fretting because of the provoking delays and unaccountable vacillation of a certain commanding general of the Army of the Potomac, he declared he felt like expressing himself in terms similar in spirit at least to those used by a neighbor of his to a lazy lawyer whom he had employed, but who had allowed his case to be "pigeon-holed" by the court beyond the limit of toleration. Having only a superficial understanding of judicial phrases, he gave expression to his feelings in the following forceful if not graceful manner: "Why don't you go for the fellow with a fifa, a demurer, a capias, a surebutter, a ne-exeat, a mumtum-pactum, a nomentum, or something that'll scorch his hair?"

On one occasion, when he was very anxious that an important matter should receive immediate and careful attention, he emphasized the order by telling a story about a soldier much addicted to profanity. This soldier belonged to a regiment whose Colonel, being a very strict disciplinarian, had entered into an agreement with his men that no matter what the provocation or the circumstances might be, he was to do all the swearing. It happened one day, when the commanding officer was absent, this fellow gave vent to his pent-up profanity to such a degree that the whole regiment was scandalized. Haled before a court martial, his defense was, "The occasion demanded that some tall swearing should be done there and then, and as the Colonel was not there to do it, it fell upon me, as the next best fitted for that particular kind of work, to do it."

A good story-teller is a close student of "human nature." Lincoln had a wonderful knowledge of men. It is proverbial that the average philosopher and the men of great intellectual powers, absorbed in the study of the supreme questions affecting the human race, are "easy marks." The sharper who took Lincoln for a "simple" learned to his sorrow that simplicity of character is not an evidence of imbecility. Lincoln's power to read men stood him in good stead in his dealings with all sorts and conditions of men. Speaking of a man who belonged to a seven-by-nine class, one of the kind though a fourteen collar is small for him, yet he imagines an eight hat is about his size, he said, commenting on his funeral that was then taking place, Mr. B. would have died much sooner than he did if he had known what a fuss would be made over his demise, and how many carriages were going to the cemetery.

He once won a case in court by asking witty questions which appealed to the sense of the ridiculous. Interrogating an important witness for the opposition in this, a case of assault and battery, he said: "How much ground did these men cover during this scrimmage?" The answer was, about six acres. "What kind of land was it?" "No better in the country." "Well, well," said Lincoln, "don't you think that a mighty small crop of a fight to harvest off of so much good land?"

During his administration Lincoln had

a very light attack of small-pox. One day he said to the attending physician, "Doctor, some people don't accept my views. It is a cause for congratulation that I have now something very pronounced that the most radical among them can take without doing violence to party or principle."

This knowledge of human nature helped him very much in the arduous duties devolving on him as President.

It is absolutely necessary that a story-teller have a genial, sunny disposition if he is to be good in that line. He must be able to see the funny, ridiculous side of everything that has such a side. He must have a most vivid imagination, so that he can supply material when a story is lacking in some particulars, and consequently lacking in force and power. He must be an adept in the art of elaboration. Some of our best story-tellers, while they may not create, yet so manipulate and amend stories to suit their own fancies and purposes that to all intents and purposes they are in a great measure their own. Lincoln had a keen sense of the ridiculous. Studying a list of names of persons who were candidates for promotion, sent him from the War Department, he said to the secretary, "We ought to do something for this Dutchman, Schemmelfinnig. I don't know anything about the merits of the case, but the name [slowly spelling it], S-c-h-e-m-m-e-l-f-i-n-n-i-g—yes, the name surely demands some recognition."

A good story-teller should seek to emphasize practical truth whenever possible. This was Lincoln's object, as he tells us in the quotation introductory to this paper. Sometimes the joke was on himself, as was the case when he was addressing a company of young people on the necessity of having an object in life. He told this story of his first attempt at plowing: "One morning father and I hitched up the team to the plow and drove out to a pasture field that was to be 'put in' with corn. He must go to town and I must plow the field. After giving me some directions in regard to handling the plow, he cautioned me against making crooked furrows, and especially enjoining me to make the first one straight. In order to do that, you must have an object to guide you. Pointing to a cow lying down on the other side of the field, he said, 'Make a bee-line for that heifer, and you cannot fail.' Well, I made as straight a furrow as I could and reached my objective point all right, but when she got up I followed her all day." Comment is unnecessary.

A right good story-teller must have a great, compassionate, tender heart. It is simply impossible for him to tell stories that wound the feelings and injure people in any sense just for the fun of the thing. The utterances of Abraham Lincoln were free from malice and everything harmful as far as his intentions were concerned.

During the last four years of his life his heart was burdened with the cares of state, with the criticisms and complaints of an unappreciative people, and with the sorrows which come in the wake of war. Yet this sorrow-burdened soul proved if by nothing else than the spirit of cheer evidenced by his words, that the saddest heart may give expression to thoughts and feelings in such a manner that other sad hearts may forget for a season their mis-

ery, and be inspired with a hope of brighter days.

Abraham Lincoln practiced what he preached. This statement truthfully applied to an evangel of truth is the best warrant of a Divine commission, whether he proclaim from the altars of great cathedrals, the platform of the Bowery Mission, or in the friendly intercourse of life.

The following verses were with several others published in the London Punch, May 6, 1865. They were written by Tom Taylor, one of the most caustic critics that ever assailed President Lincoln. He was exceptionally severe on him as a trifling story-teller. After the assassination of this patient, sad-souled, but cheery voiced evangel of good will to men, the author of these lines, stricken with remorse, sought to ease his conscience and undo a great wrong by giving the widest publicity to what I consider to be the most beautiful and faithful tribute ever paid this beautiful and faithful character—faithful unto death.

My apology for introducing these verses here, if one is needed, is, that they are in the largest sense a vindication of Lincoln as a story-teller:

My shallow judgment I had learned to rue,
Noting how to occasion's height he rose—
How his quaint wit made home-truth seem
more true;
How iron-like his temper grew with blows.

He went about his work—such work as few
Ever had laid on head and heart and hands—
As one who knows where there's a work to do
Man's honest will most heaven's grace
commands.

Who trusts the strength will with the burden
grow—
That God makes instruments to do his will
If but that will we can aim to know—
Nor tamper with the weights of good or ill.

So he grew up a destined work to do—
And lived to do it—four long suffering
years;
Ill fate, ill feeling, ill report lived through;
And then he heard the hisses changed to
cheers,

The taunts to tribute, the abuse to praise;
And took both with the same unwavering
mood;
Till as he came on light from darkling days,
And seemed to touch the goal from where
he stood,

A felon hand between the goal and him
Reached from behind—a trigger prest—
And those perplexed and patient eyes were
dim:
Those long, gaunt, laboring limbs were laid
to rest.

The words of mercy were upon his lips—
Forgiveness in his heart, and on his pen,
When this vile murder brought swift eclipse
To thoughts of peace on earth, good will to
men.

The Old World and the New, from sea to sea,
Utter one voice of sympathy and shame—
Sore heart so stopped when it at last beat
free—
Sad life cut short just as its triumph came.

A deed accursed—strokes have been struck
before
By the assassin's hand, whereof men doubt
At more of havoc or disgrace they bore;
But thy foul crime like Cain's stands darkly
out.

Vile hand that brandest murder on a strife
Whate'er its ground—stoutly and nobly
striven—
And with the martyr's crown crownest a life
With much to praise, little to be forgiven.
Irvington, N. J.

Wise and Otherwise

Where origin is known credit is given

February

Twelve months were by the year possessed,
Twelve children bright,
His treasures he divided up
Each to bedight.
To some he gave the winter's joy
Or thrill of spring;
To these the summer's growth; to those
Fall's harvesting.

But February he left out
From all his best;
Its length of days he cut more short
Than all the rest.
Fate gazing at the scurvy tricks,
Took pity then.
To compensate for other lacks
She gave it Men.

—[McLamburgh Wilson, in New York Sun.

Lincoln's Last Story

A bill to reorganize the militia of the District of Columbia was under discussion in the House of Representatives on January 6 of the present year. It met the criticism of General Keifer, who said it reminded him of a story told by President Lincoln, the night before he was assassinated, to the late Hon. Samuel Shellabarger, for many years a member of Congress from Ohio.

Mr. Shellabarger, said General Keifer, called at the White House to request the appointment of a constituent to a staff position. "That reminds me of a story," responded President Lincoln. "There was a woman living on the banks of the Sangamon in the early days who had the reputation of being able to make a good white shirt. An Irishman about to get married ordered a shirt from her for the ceremony. She made the shirt and starched it, but when the Irishman put it on he found that the starch went all the way around and he returned it for reconstruction, with the comment that he didn't want a shirt that was all collar.

"The trouble with you, Shellabarger," Mr. Lincoln remarked, "is that you want the army all staff and no army."

Minneboohoo

In 1854 some gentlemen who had just returned from a trip through the West came to Washington and went to call on Lincoln. During their visit one of the men spoke of a body of water in Nebraska which bore an Indian name.

"I cannot recall its name now," he said, in a vexed tone, "but it signified 'weeping water.'"

President Lincoln instantly responded, "As 'laughing water,' according to Longfellow, is 'Minnehaha,' this evidently should be 'Minneboohoo.'"—[New Orleans Picayune.

Rose-Water Warfare

Would you drop the war where it is? Or would you prosecute it in the future with elderstalk squirts charged with rose-water? —[Lincoln's letter to Cuthbert Bullitt, July 28, 1862.

When Lincoln's desire to include Edwin M. Stanton in his cabinet was met with objection because of Stanton's well-known

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excitability the President said: "We may have to treat him as they are sometimes obliged to treat a preacher I know out West. He gets so wrought up in his prayers and exhortations that they have to put bricks into his pockets to keep him down. We may have to serve Stanton the same way, but I guess we'll let him jump awhile first."

Animal Very Slim Somewhere

If the head of Lee's army is at Martinsburg and the tail of it on the plank road between Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, the animal must be very slim somewhere. Could you not break him?—[Telegram, Lincoln to General Hooker, June 14, 1863.

In one of his early speeches Lincoln told this anecdote to illustrate the point that great length of time or space had wonderful power to lull the human mind, and that promises of good or threats of evil a great way off were of small effect. A man said to an Irishman: "Better lay down that spade you are stealing, Paddy; if you don't, you'll pay for it at the day of judgment," which brought from Pat the answer: "Be the powers, if ye'll credit me so long, I'll take another."

When Lincoln was elected President the first time, an old Illinois woman brought him a huge pair of socks which she had knit for him. With tears in his eyes he said: "Aunt Sally, you couldn't have done

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anything that would have pleased me better. I'll take them to Washington and wear 'em and think of you when I do it." Then, holding up the socks, he said to the bystanders: "She got my latitude and longitude about right, didn't she?"

Only McClellan's Body-Guard

It is called the Army of the Potomac, but it is only McClellan's body-guard * * * If McClellan is not using the army I should like to borrow it for awhile.—[Letter of Lincoln to General McClellan, April 9, 1862.

On one occasion, referring to Douglas's statement that he would "trust in Providence" to bring about a certain issue in behalf of slavery, Lincoln said: "The Judge's trusting in Providence reminds me of the old woman who had been run away with by a fractious horse. She said she 'trusted in Providence till the breechin' broke'—then she 'didn't know what on airth to do!'"

Lincoln once likened a brainless and wordy local opponent to "a trifling little steamboat on the Sangamon, with a seven-foot whistle on a five-foot boiler, so, every time the whistle blew, the boat stopped"—that implying that while the young lawyer was talking, his brain ceased working.

One day a raid was reported, in which the Confederates had captured a number of mules and a major-general. "How unfortunate," said Lincoln. "Those mules cost \$200 apiece."

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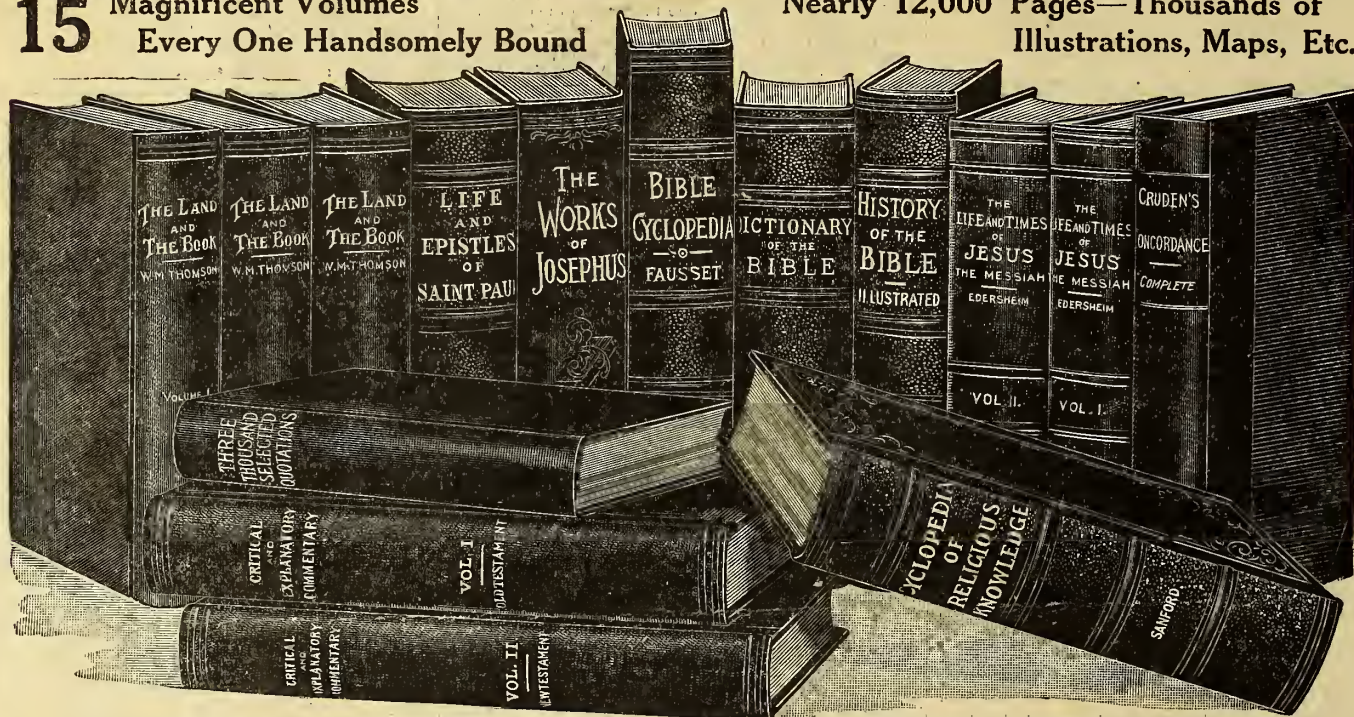
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